ARCHIBALDI PITCARNII SCOTI. Carmen.

Anno Aetatis ſuae LX.

DUM moriens laetor redeuntis munere vitae
Adfectoque viam ſedibus ire Deum,
Brittanna Druidum Sophia, Galliſque ſuperbus
SCOTUS avis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto,
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, Queis fata volebant
Vitai faciles molliter ire vias.
Vinaque Coelicolis media inter gaudia libo,
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli, forſan, quos ſpondeo, Divi,
Nullaque ſint *Ditis* Numina, nulla *Jovis*;
Fabula ſit terris agitur quae vita relictis,
Quique ſuperſtes, Homo, qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitae commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitaſſe dies, aevique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
Omnibus interea mortalibus eſſe benignos,
Atque, etiam *nullis*, ſolvere vota Diis.
His me parentem praeceptis occupet Orcus;
Et mors ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil eſſe velit.
Nam Sophia Ars illa eſt quae fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

PAULUS ad Corinthios Epiſtolae Primae, Sectione 15ma, Paragrapho 19ma.

Si hujus duntaxat vitae gratia in Chriſto ſpem habemus, omnium ſumus mortalium miſerrimi.

Imitated by Mr. *Prior*.

STudious, the buſy Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the *Graecian* Dictates ſay,
And *Samian* Sounds o'er *Scotia*'s Hills convey.
When mortal Man reſigns his tranſient Breath,
The Body only I give o'er to Death:
The Parts diſſolv'd and broken Frame I mourn;
What came from Earth, I ſee to Earth return.
The Immaterial Part th' Ætherial Soul,
Nor can Change vanquiſh, nor can Death control:
Glad I releaſe it from its Partner's Cares,
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
Then in the flowing Bowl I drown thoſe Sighs,
Which Spite of Wiſdom from our Weakneſs riſe;
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend.
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor *Pluto*'s Rage there be, nor Pow'r of *Jove*,
On its dark Side, if thou the Proſpect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black *Lethe*'s Lake:
In total Death ſuppoſe the Mortal ly,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky;
Yet bear thy Lot content, yet ceaſe to grieve,
Why, e'er Death come, do'ſt thou forbear to live?
The little Time, thou has 'twixt inſtant Now,
And Death's Approach, is all the Gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou ought to ſpare,
To ſad Reflection and corroding Care?
The Moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve,
With pleaſant Mem'ry of the Bliſs they gave.
The preſent Hours in preſent Mirth imploy,
And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
Were deſtin'd e'rſt, nor can by Fates Decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee,

If in this Life only we have Hope in Chriſt, we are of all Men moſt miſerable.

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—— Archibaldi Pitcarnii /

LX. / Imitated by Mr. Prior.

Collation: Folio, pp. 4, a single leaf fold
Pitcairne's Latin verses are imposed
upon the third. There is no imprint
was issued in 1712.

The *First Edition,* produced for privat
Riviere, with edges entirely untrim
No record can be found of any oth

Archibald Pitcairne, poet and physician,
privately printed upon single leaves

In Prior's works Pitcairne's Latin
of it is given in a different form,
Amicos.

itcarnii / Scoti. Carmen. / Anno Aetatis ſuae
Prior.

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